

Children's Department.

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Dear Boys and Girls.—We hope you enjoyed the letter in last week's paper written by Uncle Lou. Perhaps you have wondered who this Uncle Lou is. He writes very interesting letters, and no doubt you would like to know, but we are not to give his name. He is a young man and a minister—now guess who it is.

Why do we not have more letters from the little people? You should do as Uncle Lou told you about last week, write so many that there would be no room for the Editor's remarks. Below is the only letter we have up to date.

JALAPA, IND., JULY 26, 1895.

This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am seven years old. We attend Sunday-school two miles and a half from here at the G. B. church. My teacher's name is Abbie Wimmer and she gives me cards with Scripture verses on and I repeat them the next Sunday, and when we get four we give them back and get a larger one. My mamma belongs to the Brethren church and we live ten miles from the nearest Brethren church. I will close hoping to see many letters in the next paper.

BLANCHE DAWSON.

Do you attend Sunday-school? What is the lesson for next Sunday, August 11? Write us a short letter next Monday, and tell us what you learned in your Sunday-school lesson. Below is a nice story taken from the *Little Pilgrim*. It will help you to understand the lesson. The title is,—

FANNY'S FAITH GARDEN.

Fanny's brother Will was always teasing her about what he called her "faith-garden." For many weeks there was nothing to be seen on the broad sunny window-sill but a row of flower-pots.

"Well, sis," he would say cheerfully, "how do the flower-pots flourish? Any of them sprouted yet?"

"No, bad boy," she would answer, "but they will! There's something in those flower-pots!"

"Good, brown dirt, eh?"

"More than that!" said Fanny hopefully.

"What then?" said Will. "I'm sure that's all I can see."

"Mother says it is God's promise," said Fanny softly, after a minute.

"That's a funny way of talking, seems to me," whistled Will, only half understanding.

"It's mother's way," said Fanny. "And, Will, do you know it helps me to

understand lots of things that used to seem too hard to think about. I put a little bit of a dead-looking seed down in the dirt here, and cover it up and give it water and light, and God says to it 'Grow!' Of course it has to mind then—everything mind but folks! But it doesn't get its orders till it has a chance to mind. Don't you see? I have to do something. If I do my part, God will do his."

"That's a good deal of a sermon to get out of a flower-pot!" said Will lightly, not caring to show his sister how much he really thought about it.

"You ought to hear mother go on when she gets a text like this!" said Fanny. "She says every time we plant a seed we show that we have faith in God, and if we only used as much common sense about other things, we should find our lives fairly blossoming with blessings. Of course you have to wait and hope a while!"

"Have patience with your flower-pots!" said Will, laughing.

"Well, believe in 'em!" returned Fanny. "You can't do anything without believing. That was the trouble with those old Israelites when Moses put a serpent up on a pole for them to look at. God wanted them to do something to show they believed in him. The ones that did got well; the others didn't. Mother explained it all out to me."

"H'm!" said Will, going off with his hands in his pockets. "I shall be interested to see whether your seeds ever come to anything."

A few months later Fanny dragged Will up to her window ledge one morning to see her vines and geraniums growing, and one or two bright things fairly in bloom.

"What do you think of my 'faith-garden' now? she cried proudly.

"I think—perhaps—a fellow might have a faith-garden without any flower-pots!" was Will's answer, and Fanny had to be satisfied with it.

"Glad it's blossomed, sis!" he added. "Maybe it will help me to understand some things a little better, as you say!"

From Red Oak, Iowa.

I did not see my last letter in the EVANGELIST, but will write again. I sold three copies of the Story of Jesus, and will try to sell more. What is the longest verse in the Bible and where is it found? I did not go to Sunday-school to-day because it rained this morning. Our last Sunday-school lesson was about Moses and the Golden Calf.

July 15. DANIEL HENRICKS.

"GREAT dangers surround the man whose life is aimless."

A LITTLE THING.

Our school has a children's choir, and we were all standing in the gallery that bright morning waiting a minute or two while the organ played its prelude. I could look down over the church, and I thought how pretty it looked with the classes all in their places, and so many bright faces and pretty suits. I am afraid I was thinking most of the suits, for I had a new one myself—cloak and hat and gloves to match, and that makes one feel so comfortable, you know. It was just the time for putting on spring clothes, and nearly everybody in the choir had something new and nice except poor little Margie Dane.

Margie has a sweet voice, and she is a pretty girl, too; but that brown dress of hers! Why, it was old last year, and it was never anything very nice. Of course she cannot help it; and I am afraid she was feeling a little bad about it, too, and noticing how different it was from the others; for I saw her eyes, under their drooping lashes, steal a glance along the line. I think some one else saw it; for just then Minnie Grey, who had a bunch of roses, —beautiful hothouse roses,—turned and gave them to Margie, and whispered softly, "I know they must belong to you, Margie, dear, for they just match your cheeks."

The gift and the loving words flashed a light all over the drooping face. Margie's soft cheeks touched the roses in delight, and the next minute her voice rang out in a hymn. How clear and sweet it was!

"Scatter seeds of kindness! Scatter seeds of kindness!" I have sung those words a good many times, but I never thought of their meaning as I did just then, after Minnie had done a little "scattering."

I wonder if that one thoughtful act was not really sweeter praise than all the singing of the choir? "It was such a little thing," Minnie would have said if anyone had spoken to her about it. But I am beginning to think that it is the little things, done at the right time, that count for most in this world.—*Sunbeam*.

WHEN death comes we walk down in the valley of shadows, knowing that we shall find there the shining footprints of the Saviour, and confident that in due time the morning light of the resurrection will break upon the spirit, and we shall be with God forever.—*T. B. Thayer*.

It seems to me that five minutes of real thankfulness for the love of our dear Saviour is worth a year of hard reasoning on the hidden parts of our redemption.—*Dean Alford*.